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Nosce teipsum.

*This Oracle expounded in two
Elegies.*

1. Of Humane knowledge.
2. Of the Soule of Man, and the immortalitie thereof.

*Written by Sir IOHN DAVIS, his Maiesties
Attorney generall in Ireland.*



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TO MY MOST GRACI-
ous dread Soueraigne.

TO that cleare Maiesstie, which in the North,
Doth like another Sunne in glorie rise,
Which standeth fixt, yet spreads her heauenly worth,
Loadstone to Hearts, and Loadstarre to all Eyes :

*Like Heau'n in all, like th' Earth in this alone,
That though great States by her support do stand,
Yet she her selfe supported is of none,
But by the finger of th' Almightyes hand :*

*To the diuineſt and the richeſt minde,
Both by Arts purchase, and by Natures Dower,
That euer was from Heauen to Earth confin'd,
To ſhew the vniuerſall of a Creatures power :*

*To that great Spirit, which doth great Kingdomes moue,
The ſacred Spring, whence Right and Honor ſtreames,
Diſtilling Vertue, ſhedding Peace and Loue,
In euery place, as Cynthia ſheds her beames :*

*I offer up some sparkles of that fire,
Whereby we reason, liue, and moue, and bee,
These sparkes by nature euermore aspire,
Which makes them to so high an Highnesse flee.*

*Faire Soule, since to the fairest body knit,
You giue such liuely life such quickning power,
Such sweete celestiall influence to it,
As keepes it still in you: his immortal flower:*

*(As where the Sunne is present all the yeare,
And neuer doth retire his golden ray,
Needs must the Spring be euerlasting there,
And euery season like the Mon'th of May.)*

*O many, many yeares may you remaine,
A happie Angell to this happie Land,
Long, long, may you on earth our Empreffe raigne,
Ere you in Heauen a glorious Angell stand:*

*Stay long (sweete spirit) ere thou to Heauen depart,
Which mak't each place a Heauen wherein thou art.*

*Her Maiesties leaft and
vnworthiest Subiect,*

IOHN DAVIS.



Of humane Knowledge.

WHy did my parents send me to the schooles,
That I with knowledg might enrich my mind?
Since the *desire to know* first made men fooles,
And did corrupt the roote of all mankind?

For when Gods hand had written in the harts,
Of the first Parents all the rules of good,
So that their skill infusde did passe all Arts,
That euer were, before, or since the flood;

And when their reasons eye was sharpe and cleere,
And (as an Eagle can behold the Sunne)
Could haue approch't th' eternall light as neere,
As the intellectuall Angels could haue done:

Euen then to them the *Spirit of lies* suggests,
That they were blind, because they saw not ill,
And breathes into their incorrupted breasts,
A curious *wish*, which did corrupt their *will*.

For that same ill they straight desir'd to know,
Which ill being nought but a defect of good,
And all Gods workes the Diuell could not show,
While Man their Lord in his perfection stood.

B

So

So that themſelues were firſt to do the ill,
 Ere they thereof the knowledge could attaine,
 Like him, that knew not poiſons power to kill,
 Vntill (by taſting it) himſelfe was ſlaine.

Euen ſo by taſting of that fruit forbid,
 Where they ſought *knowledge*, they did *error* find,
 Ill they deſir'd to know, and ill they did;
 And to giue *Paſſion* eies, made *Reaſon* blind.

For then their minds did firſt in paſſion ſee,
 Thoſe wretched ſhapes of *Miſerie* and *Woe*,
 Of *Nakedneſſe*, of *Shame*, of *Pouertie*,
 Which then their own experience made the know.

But then grew *Reaſon* darke, that ſhe no more
 Could the faire formes of *God* and *Truth* diſcerne,
Batter they became that *Eagles* were before,
 And this they got by their *deſire to learne*.

But we their wretched of ſpring, what do we?
 Do not we ſtill taſt of the fruit forbid?
 Whiles with fond, fruitleſſe euioſitie,
 In bookes prophane we ſeek for knowledge hid.

What is this *knowledge*? but the Shie. ſtolne fire,
 For which the *Thiefe* ſtill chaind in Ice doth ſit?
 And which the poore rude *Satyre* did admire,
 And needs would kiſſe, but burnt his lips with it.

What

What is it? but the cloud of emptie Raine,
Which when *Ioues* Guest embrac't the Monsters got:
Or the false *Pailes*, which oft being filld with paine,
Receiu'd the water, but retained it not?

Shortly what is it? but the fierie Coach,
Which the *Youth* fought, & fought his death withall:
Or the *Boyes* wings, which when he did approach,
The *Sunnes* hot beames, did melt and let him fall:

And yet alas, when all our Lampes are burnd,
Our bodies wasted, and our Spirits spent;
When we haue all the learned *volumes* turnd,
Which yeeld mens wits both help and ornament:

What can we know? or what can we discern?
When *Error* chokes the windowes of the mind,
The diuers formes of things, how can we learne,
That haue bene euer from our birth-day blind?

When *Reasons* lampe which (like the *Sunne* in skie)
Throughout *Mans* little world her beams did spread,
Is now become a Sparkle, which doth lie,
Vnder the Ashes, halfe extinct, and dead;

How can we hope, that through the Eye and Eare,
This dying Sparkle, in this clowdie place,
Can recollect these beames of knowledge cleare,
Which were infus'd in the first minds by grace?

So might the heire, whose father hath in play,
 Wasted a thousand pounds of ancient rent,
 By painefull earning of one grote a day,
 Hope to restore the patrimonie spent.

The wits that diu'd most deepe, and soar'd most hie,
 Seeking Mans powers, haue found his weaknes such:
 " Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth flie,
 " We learne so little, and forget so much.

For this the wisest of all mortall men,
Said he knew nought, but that he nought did know,
 And the great mocking Master mockt not then,
When he said, Truth was buried deepe below.

For how may we to others things attaine,
 When none of vs his owne soule vnderstands?
 For which the Diuell mockes our curious braine,
 When *know thy selfe*, his oracle commands.

For why should we the busie Senle belecue,
 When boldly she concludes of that, and this,
 When of her selfe she can no iudgement geue,
 Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what she is?

All things without, which round about we see,
 We seeke to know, and how therewith to do:
 But that whereby we *reason, liue, and be*,
 Within our selues, we strangers are thereto.

We

We seeke to know the mouing of each spheare,
 And the strange cause of th' ebs and floods of Nile:
 But of that clocke within our breasts we beare,
 The subtrill motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint our selues with euery *Zoone*,
 And passe both *Tropikes*, and behold the *Poles*,
 When we come home, are to our selues vnknowne,
 And vnacquainted still with our owne *Soules*.

We studie *Speech*, but others we perswade,
 We *Leech craft* learne, but others Cure with it,
 We interpret *Lawes*, which other men haue made,
 But reade not those which in our harts are writ.

It is because the minde is like the eye,
 (Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees,)
 Whose rayes reflect not, but spread outwardly,
 Not seeing it selfe, when other things it sees?

No doubtlesse, for the minde can backward cast,
 Vpon her selfe, her vnderstanding light,
 But she is so corrupt, and so defact,
 As her owne image doth her selfe affright.

As is the fable of that *Ladie faire*,
 Which for her lust was turnd into a Cow,
 When thirstie to a streame she did repaire,
 And saw her selfe transformd she wist not how.

At first she startles, then she stands amaz'd,
 At last with terror she from thence doth flie,
 And loathes the warric glasse wherein she gaz'd,
 And shunnes it still, though she for thirst doe die.

Euen so *Mans Soule* which did Gods Image beare,
 And was at first faire, good, and spotlesse pure,
 Since with her *sinnes* her beauties blotted were,
 Doth of all sights her owne sight least endure.

For euen at first reflection she espies,
 Such strange *Chimeræes*, and such Monsters there,
 Such Toyes, such *Antikes*, and such Vanities,
 As she retires, and shrinks for shame and feare.

And as the man loues least at home to bee,
 That hath a fluttish house haunted with *Sprites*,
 So she impatient her owne faults to see,
 Turnes from her selfe, and in strange things delites.

For this few *know themselves*: for merchants broke,
 View their estate with discontent, and paine,
 And *Seas* are troubled when they do reuoke,
 Their flowing waues, into themselves againe.

And while the face of outward things we find,
 Pleasing, and faire, agreeable, and sweete,
 These things transport, and carrie out the mind,
 That with her selfe her selfe can neuer meete.

Yet

Yet if *Affliction* once her warres begin,
And threat the feeble *Sense* with sword and fire,
The *Mind* contracts her selfe, and shrinketh in,
And to her selfe she gladly doth retire :

As *Spiders* toucht, seeke their webs in moss part,
As *Bees* in stormes vnto their hiues returne,
As Blood in danger gathers to the hart,
As men seeke townes when foes the country burne.

If ought can teach vs ought, *Afflictions* lookes,
(Making vs looke into our selues so neare)
Teach vs to *know our selues*, beyond all bookes,
Or all the learned *Schooles* that euer were.

This *Mistresse* lately pluckt me by the eare,
And many a golden lesson hath me taught,
Hath made my *Senses* quicke, and Reason cleare,
Reformd my Will, and rectified my Thought :

So do the *Winds* and *Thunders* cleanse the Aire,
So working Seas settle and purge the wine,
So lopt and pruned Trees do flourish faire,
So doth the fire the drossie gold refine.

Neither *Minerva*, nor the learned *Muse*,
Nor rules of *Art*, nor *Precepts* of the wise,
Could in my braine those beames of skill infuse,
As but the glance of this *Dames* angrie eies,

She

She within *Lifles* my ranging minde hath brought,
 That now beyond my selfe I list not go,
 My selfe am *Center* of my circling thought,
 Onely *my selfe* I study, learne, and know.

I know my *Bodi's* of so fraile a kind,
 As force without, feauers within can kill,
 I know the heauenly nature of my mind,
 But tis corrupted both in wit and will:

I know my *Soule* hath power to know all things,
 Yet is she blind and ignorant in all;
 I know I am one of *Natures* little kings,
 Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a paine, and but a span,
 I know my *Sense* is mockt with euery thing,
 And to conclude, I know my selfe a *Man*,
 Which is a *proud* and yet a *wretched* thing.

OF

Of the Soule of Man, and the im-
mortalitie thereof.

THe lights of Heauen (which are the worlds faire eies)
Looke downe into the world, the world to see,
And as they turne, or wander in the skies,
Suruey all things, that on this Center bee.

And yet the lights which in my towre do shine,
Mine Eyes which view all obiects, nigh and farre,
Looke not into this little world of mine,
Nor see my face, wherein they fixed are.

Since Nature failes vs in no needfull thing,
Why want I meanes, mine inward selfe to see?
Which sight, the knowledge of my self might bring,
Which to true wisedome is the first degree.

That Power, which gaue me eies the world to view,
To view my selfe infus'd an inward light,
Whereby my Soule, as by a Mirror true,
Of her owne forme may take a perfect sight.

But as the sharpest eye discerneth nought,
Except the Sunne beames in the aire do shine,
So the best Soule, with her reflecting thought,
Sees not her selfe without some light diuine.

O *Light* which mak'st the *Light*, which makes the *Day*,
Which set'st the *eye* without, and *mind* within,
Lighten my spirit with one cleare heavenly ray,
Which now to view it selfe doth first begin.

For her true forme how can my Sparke discern?
Which dimme by *Nature*, *Art* did neuer cleere,
When the great wits, of whom all skill we learne,
Are ignorant both *what* she is, and *where*?

One thinks the *Soule* is *Aire*, another *Fire*,
Another blood difus'd about the hart,
Another saith, the *Elements* conspire;
And to her *Essence* each doth give a part,

Musicians thinke our *Soules* are *Harmonies*,
Physitions hold, that they *Complexions* bee,
Epicures make them swarmes of *Atomies*,
Which do by chance into our bodies flee.

Some thinke one generall *Soule* fills euery braine,
As the bright *Sunne* sheds light in euery *Starre*;
And others thinke the name of *Soule* is vaine,
And that we onely *well mixt* bodies are.

In iudgement of her *substance* thus they varie,
And thus they varie in iudgement of her *seat*;
For some her chaire vp to the braine do carrie,
Some thrust it downe into the *stomacks* heat;
Some

Some place it in the Roote of life, the *Hart*,
 Some in the *Liner* fountaine of the vaines,
 Some say, *she is all in all, and all in part* :
 Some say, she is not containd, but all containes.

Thus these great Clerks their little wilddome shew,
 While with their doctrines they at *Hazard* play,
 Tossing their light opinions to and fro,
 To mocke the *Lord*, as leard in this as they.

For no craz'd braine could eueryer propound
 Touching the *Soule* so vaine and fond a thought,
 But some among these Masters haue bene found,
 Which in their *Schools* the selfe same thing haue
 (taught.

God onely wise, to punish pride of wit,
 Among mens wits hath this confusion wrought,
 As the proud *Towre* whose points the clouds did hit,
 By tongues confusion was to ruine brought.

But (*thou*) which didst *Nams Soule* of nothing make,
 And when to nothing it was fallen agen,
 To make it new, the forme of Man didst take,
 And *God with God* becam'st a *Man* with Men :

Thou, that hast fashioned twice this *Soule* of ours,
 So that she is by double title thine,
 Thou onely knowest her nature and her powers,
 Her subtile forme thou onely canst define.

To iudge her selfe, she must her selfe transcend,
 As greater Circles comprehend the lesse,
 But she wants power, her owne powers to extend,
 As fettered Men, can not their strength expresse.

But thou bright morning Starre, thou rising *Sunne*,
 Which in these latter times hast brought to light
 Those mysteries, that since the world begun,
 Lay hid in darknesse, and eternall night.

Thou (*like the Sunne*) dost with indifferent ray,
 Into the *Palace* and the *Cottage* shine,
 And shew'st the *Soule*, both to the Clerke and lay,
 By the cleare *Lampe* of thy *Oracle* diuine.

This *Lampe* through all the Regions of my braine,
 Where my *Soule* sits, doth spread such beames of
 As now, me thinks, I do distinguish plaine, (grace,
 Each subtile line of her immortall face.

What the
 Soule is. *The Soule a substance, and a spirit is,*
 Which *God* himselfe doth in the bodie make,
 Which makes the *Man*, for euery Man from this
 The *nature* of a *Man*, and *name* doth take.

And though the spirit be to the bodie knit,
 As an apt meane her powers to exercise,
 Which are, *life, motion, sense, and will, and wit,*
 Yet she *suruiues*, although the bodie *dies*.

She is a substance, and a real thing,

- 1 Which hath it selfe an actuall working might,
- 2 Which neither from the *Senses* power doth spring,
- 3 Nor from the bodies humors tempted right,

That the
Soule is a
thing sub-
sisting by
it selfe
without
the Body.

She is a *Vine*, which doth no propping need,
To make her spread her selfe, or spring vpright,
She is a *Starre*, whose beames do not proceed
From any *Sunne*, but from a *native* light.

For when she sorts things *present* with things *past*,
And thereby things to *come* doth oft foresee,
When she doth *doubt* at first, and *chuse* at last,
These acts her owne, without the bodie bee.

2
That the
Soule hath
a proper
operation
without
the Bodie.

When of the dew, which the *eye* and *ear* do take,
From flowers abroad, and bring into the braine,
She doth within both waxe and hony make,
This worke is hers, this is her proper paine.

When she from sundry acts, one skill doth draw,
Gathering from diuers fights one Art of warre,
From many Cases like, one rule of Law;
These her Collections, not the *Senses* are.

When in th'effects she doth the causes know, (rise,
And seeing the streame, thinks where the spring doth
And seeing the branch, conceiues the roote below;
These things she viewes without the bodies eyes.

When she without a *Pegasus* doth flie
Swifter then lightnings fire from *East* to *West*,
About the *Center*, and about the *skie*,
She travels then, although the bodie rest.

When all her works she formeth first within,
Proportions them, and sees their perfect end,
Ere she in act doth any part begin,
What instruments doth then the body lend?

When without hands she thus doth *Castles* build,
Sees without eies, and without feete doth runne,
When she digests the world, yet is not filld,
By her owne power these miracles are done.

When she defines, argues, diuides, compounds,
Considers *vertue*, *vice*, and *generall things*,
And marrying diuers principles and grounds,
Out of their match a true conclusion brings.

These actions in her closet all alone,
(Retir'd within her selfe) she doth fulfill,
Use of her bodies Organs she hath none,
When she doth use the powers of Wit and Will.

Yet in the bodies prison so she lies,
As through the bodies windowes she must looke,
Her diuers powers of *Sense* to exercise,
By gathering Notes out of the *Worlds* great Booke.

Nor

Nor can her selfe discourse, or iudge of ought,
But what the *sense* Collects and home doth bring,
And yet the power of her discoursing thought,
From these Collections, is a Diuers thing.

For though our eyes can nought but Colours see,
Yet colours giue them not their powre of sight:
So, though these fruites of *Sense* her objects bee,
Yet she discernes them by her proper light.

The workeman on his stuffe his skill doth show,
And yet the stuffe giues not the man his skill:
Kings their affaires do by their seruants know,
But order them by their owne royall will.

So though this cunning Mistresse and this Queene,
Doth as her instruments the *Senses* vie,
To know all things that are *felt, heard, or seene,*
Yet she her selfe doth onlie *iudge* and *choose*:

Euen as our great wise *Empresse*, that now raignes,
By *soveraigne* title ouer sundry lands,
Borrowes in meane affaires her *subjects* paines,
Sees by their eyes, and writeth by their hands:

But things of waight and consequence indeed,
Her selfe doth in her chamber them debate,
Where all her Counsellors she doth exceed,
As farre in iudgement, as she doth in state.

Or

Or as the man whom she doth now aduance,
 Vpon her gracious *mercie* seat to sit,
 Doth common things of course and circumstance,
 To the reports of common men commit :

But when the Cause it selfe must be decreed,
 Himselfe in person in his proper Court,
 To graue and solemne hearing doth proceed,
 Of euery prooffe, and euery by-report;

Then like Gods Angel he pronounceth right,
 And milke and hony from his tongue do flow;
 Happy are they that still are in his sight,
 To reape the wisedomes which his lips do sow :

Right so the *Soule*, which is a Ladie free,
 And doth the iustice of her *State* maintaine,
 Because the *Senses* readie seruants bee,
 Attending nigh about her Court, the braine :

By them the formes of outward things she leagnes,
 For they returne into the fantasie,
 What euer each of them abroad discernes,
 And there inroll it for the mind to see.

But when she sits to indge the good and ill,
 And so discerns betwixt the false and true,
 She is not guided by the *Senses* skill,
 But doth each thing in her owne Mirror view.

Then

Then she the *Senses* checks, which oft do erre,
And euen against their false reports decrees,
And oft she doth condemne, what they preferre,
For with a power about the *Sense*, she sees.

Therefore no *Sense* the precious ioyes conceiues,
Which in her priuate Contemplations bee,
For then the ravisht spirit the *Senses* leaues,
Hath her owne powers, and proper actions free.

Her harmonies are sweet, and full of skill,
When on the bodies instrument she plaies;
But the proportions of the *wit* and *will*,
Those sweete accords are euen the Angels laies.

These tunes of *Reason*, are *Amphions* lyre,
Wherewith he did the *Thebane* Citie found,
These are the notes, wherewith the heauenly *Quire*,
The praise of him, which spreads the heauen, doth
found.

Then her *selfe being Nature* shines in this,
That she performes her noblest workes alone,
" The worke the Touch-stone of the *nature* is,
" And by their operations things are knowne.

Are they not *senslesse* then, that thinke the soule
Nought but a fine perfection of the *Sense*,
Or of the formes which *fancie* doth enroll,
A quicke resulting and a consequence?

D

What
That the
Soule is
more then
a perfecti-
on or re-
flection of
the sense.

What is it then, that doth the *Sense* accuse,
Both of *false iudgements*, and *fond appetites*?
Which makes vs do what *Sense* doth most refuse?
Which oft in torment of the *Sense* delights?

Sense thinks the *Planets sphaeres* not much afunder,
What tels vs then their distance is so farre?
Sense thinks the lightning borne before the thunder,
What tels vs then they both together are?

When men seen: e crows far off vpon a Towre, (men:
Sense saith, th'are crows, what makes vs thinke them
When we in *Agnes* thinke all sweet things sowre,
What makes vs know our tongs false iudgement the?

What powre was that, whereby *Medea* saw,
And well approu'd, and praisd, the better course,
When her rebellious *Sense* did so withdraw
Her feeble powres, as she pursu'd the worse?

Did *Sense* perswade *Vlysses* not to heare,
The Mermaids songs, which so his men did please,
As they were all perswaded through the eare,
To quit the ship, and leape into the seas?

Could any powre of *Sense* the *Romane* moue,
To burne his owne right hand, with courage stout?
Could *Sense* make *Marius* sit vnbound, and proue
The cruell lancing of the knottie gout?

Doublelesse

Doubtlesse in *Man* there is a *nature* found,
 Beside the *Senses*, and aboue them farre, (drownd,
 " Though most men being in sensual pleasures
 " It seemes their *Soules* but in the *Senses* are.

If we had nought but *Sense*, then onely they (sound,
 Should haue sound minds, which haue their *Senses*
 But *wisedome* growes, when *senses* do decay,
 And *follie* most in quickest *sense* is found.

If we had nought but *sense*, each liuing wight,
 Which we cal *brute*, would be more sharp then wee,
 As hauing *Senses apprehensiu* might,
 In a more cleare, and excellent degree.

But they do want that *quicke discoursing power*,
 Which doth in vs the erring *sense* correct,
 Therefore the *Bee* did sucke the painted flower,
 And *birds* of grapes the cunning shadow peckt.

Sense outsidcs knowes, the *soule* through all things sees,
Sense Circumstance, she doth the *substance* view,
Sense sees the barke, but she the life of trees;
Sense heares the sounds, but she the concords true.

But why do I the *Soule* and *Sense* diuide?
 When *Sense* is but a powre, which she extends,
 Which being in diuers parts diuersifide,
 The diuers formes of objects apprehends?

This power spreads outward, but the roote doth grow
 In th'inward *Soule*, which onely doth perceiue,
 For th'*eyes* and *eaes* no more their obiects know,
 Then glasses know what faces they receiue.

For if we chance to fixe our thoughts elsewhere,
 Although our eyes be ope, we do not see,
 And if one power did not both see and heare,
 Our sights and sounds would alwaies double bee.

Then is the *Soule* a nature, which containes,
 The powre of *Sense*, within a greater power,
 Which doth employ and vse the *Senses* paines,
 But sits and rules within her priuate bower.

3
 That the
 Soule is
 more then
 the tempe-
 rature of
 the hu-
 mors of
 the body.

If *she* doth then the subtile *Sense* excell,
 How grosse are they that drowne her in the blood?
 Or in the bodies humors tempred well,
 As if in them such high perfection stood?

As if most skill in that *Musitian* were,
 Which had the best, and best run'd instrument,
 As if the Pensill neate, and colours cleere,
 Had power to make the Painter excellent.

Why doth not Beautie then refine the wit?
 And good Complexion rectifie the will?
 Why doth not Health bring wisdom still with it?
 Why doth not Sicknesse make men brutish still?

Who

Who can in *Memorie*, or *wit*, or *will*,
 Or *aire*, or *fire*, or *earth*, or *water* find;
 What Alchymist can draw with all his skill,
 The *Quintessence* of these out of the mind?

If th' *Elements* which haue nor *life*, nor *sense*,
 Can breed in vs so great a power as this,
 Why giue they not themselues like excellence,
 Or other things wherein their mixture is?

If she were but the bodies qualitie,
 Then would she be, with it *sicke*, *maimd* and *blind*,
 But we perceiue, where these priuations bee,
 A *healthie*, *perfect*, and *sharpe sighted* mind.

If she the bodies nature did partake,
 Her strength would with the bodies strength decay,
 But when the bodies strongest sinewes flake,
 Then is the *Soule* most actiue, quicke, and gay.

If she were but the bodies accident,
 And her sole *being* did in it subsist,
 As *white in snow*, she might her selfe absent,
 And in the bodies substance not be mist.

But it on *her*, not *she* on it depends,
 For *she* the bodie doth sustaine and cherish,
 Such secret powers of life to it she lends,
 That when they faile, then doth the bodie perish.

Since then the *Soule* workes by her selfe alone,
Springs not from sense, nor humors well agreeing,
 Her nature is peculiar, and her owne,
 She is a *substance*, and a *perfect being*.

That the
 Soule is a
 spirit.

But though this substance be the root of *sense*,
Sense knowes her not, which doth but *bodies* know,
She is a spirit, and a heavenly influence,
 Which from the fountaine of Gods spirit doth flow.

She is a spirit, yet not like *aire*, or *wind*,
 Nor like the *spirits* about the *heart* or *braine*,
 Nor like those spirits which Alchymists do find,
 When they in euery thing seeke gold in *vaine*.

For she all *natures* vnder heaven doth passe, (see)
 Being like those spirits, which Gods bright face do
 Or like *himselfe*, whose *image* once she was,
 Though now (alas) she scarce his *shadow* bee.

Yet of the *formes* she holds the first degree,
 That are to grosse materiall bodies knit,
 Yet she her selfe is *bodilesse* and free,
 And though confin'd, is almost infinit.

That it
 cannot be
 a bodie.

Were she a *bodie*, how could she remaine
 Within this bodie, which is lesse then she?
 Or how could she the worlds great shape containe,
 And in our narrow breasts contained be?

ALL

All *bodies* are confin'd within some place,
But *she* all place within her selfe confines,
All *bodies* haue their measure, and their space,
But who can draw the *Soules* dimensiuue lines ?

No *bodie* can at once two formes admit,
Except the one the other do deface,
But in the *Soule* ten thousand formes do sit,
And none intrudes into her neighbours place.

All *bodies* are with other bodies fild,
But *she* receiues both heauen and earth together,
Nor are their formes by rash incounter spild,
For there they stand, and neither toucheth ether.

Nor can her wide Embracements filled bee,
For they that most, and greatest things embrace,
Inlarge thereby their minds capacitie,
As streames inlarg'd, inlarge the channels space.

All things receiu'd, do such proportion take,
As those things haue wherein they are receiu'd;
So little glasses little faces make,
And narrow webs on narrow frames be weau'd :

Then what vast bodie must we make the *mind*,
Wherein are men, beasts, trees, townes, seas, & lands,
And yet each thing a proper place doth find,
And each thing in the true proportion stands ?

Doubtlesse:

Doubtlesse this could not be, but that she turnes,
Bodies to spirits by *sublimation* strange,
As fire conuerts to fire the things it burnes,
As we our meats into our nature change.

From their grosse *matter* she abstracts the *formes*,
And draws a kind of *Quintessence* from things,
Which to her proper nature she transformes,
To beare them light on her celestiall wings;

This doth she, when from things *particular*,
She doth abstract the *vniversal* kinds,
Which bodiless, and immateriall are,
And can be lodg'd but onely in our minds;

And thus from diuers *accidents* and *acts*,
Which do within her obseruation fall,
She goddesses, and powres diuine abstracts,
As *Nature*, *fortune*, and the *vertues* all.

Againe, how can she seuerall *bodies* know,
If in her selfe a *bodies* forme she beare?
How can a Mirror sundry faces show,
If from all shapes and formes it be not cleare?

Nor could we by our eies all colours learne,
Except our eyes were of all colours voide,
Nor sundrie tast can any tongue discern,
Which is with grosse, and bitter humors cloide.

Nor

Normay a man of *passions* iudge aright,
 Except his mind be from all passions free;
 Nor can a *iudge* his office well acquite,
 If he possesse of either partic bee.

If lastly this quicke powre a body were,
 Were it as swift as is the *wind*, or *fire*,
 (Whose *Atomies* do th'one downe side wayes beare,
 and make the other in *Pyramids* aspire.)

Her nimble body yet in *time* must moue,
 And not in instants through all places slide;
 But she is nigh, and farre, beneath, aboue,
 In point of time, which thought can not diuide.

Sh'is sent as soone to *China*, as to *Spaine*,
 And thence returns, as soone as she is sent;
 She measures with one time, and with one paine,
 An elle of Silke, and heauens wide spreading Tent.

As then the *Soule* a substance hath alone,
 Besides the body, in which she is confin'd;
 So hath she not a *bodie* of her owne,
 But is a *spirit*, and *immateriall mind*.

Since *bodie* and *soule* haue such diuersities,
 Well might we muse, how first their match began;
 But that we learne, that *he* that spread the skies,
 And fixt the earth, first formd the *Soule* in man.

That the
 Soule is
 created
 immediat-
 ly by God
 Zach. 12.1

E

This

This true *Promethæus* first made man of earth,
 And shed in him a beame of heavenly fire,
 Now in their mothers wombes before their birth,
 Doth in all sonnes of men their *Soules* inspire,

And as *Minerva* is in fables said,
 From *Ioue* without a mother to proceed;
 So our true *Ioue* without a mothers aide,
 Doth daily millions of *Minervaes* breed.

Erroneous
 opinions
 of the cre-
 ation of
 soules.

Then neither from eternitie before,
 Nor from the time, when *Times* first point begun,
 Made he all *Soules*, which now he keepes in store,
 Some in the *Moone*, and others in the *Sunne* :

Nor in a *secret cloister* doth he keepe
 These virgin spirits, vntill their mariage day,
 Nor locks them vp in *Chambers*, where they sleep,
 Till they awake, within these beds of clay.

Nor did he first a certaine number make,
 Infusing part in *beasts*, and part in *men*,
 And as vnwilling further paines to take,
 Would make no more, then those he framed then :

So that the widow *Soule*, her *bodie* dying,
 Vnto the next borne *bodie* married was,
 And so by often changing, and supplying,
 Mens *soules* to *beasts*, and *beast* to men did passe.

(These

(These thoughts are fond, for since the bodies borne
 Be more in number farre, then those that die,
 Thousands must be abortiue, and forlorne,
 Ere others deaths to them their *Soules* supply.)

But as *Gods handmaide Nature* doth create
 Bodies in time distinct, and other due,
 So God giues *Soules* the like successiue date,
 Which *himselfe* makes, in bodies formed new.

Which *himselfe* makes, of no materiall thing,
 For vnto Angels he no power hath giuen,
 Either to forme the shape, or stufte to bring,
 From *aire*, or *fire*, or *substance of the beaumen*.

Nor he in this doth *Natures* seruice vse,
 For though from bodies she can bodies bring,
 Yet could she neuer *soules* from *soules* *traduce*,
 As fire from fire, or light from light doth spring.

That the
 Soule is
 not tradu-
 ced from
 the pa-
 rents.

Alas, that some that were great lights of old,
 And in their hands the *Lampe* of God did beare,
 Some reuerend Fathers did this error hold,
 Hauing their eies dim'd with religious feare !

For when (say they) by rule of faith we find,
 That euery *soule* vnto her *bodie* knit,
 Brings from the mothers wombe, the *sinne of kind*,
 The roote of all the ill she doth commit.

How can we say, that God the *Soule* doth make,
 But we must make him author of her sinne?
 Then from mans soule she doth beginning take,
 Since in mans soule Corruption did begin.

For if God make her, first he makes her ill,
 (Which God forbid our thoughts should yeeld vnto)
 Or makes the body her faire forme to spill,
 Which of it selfe it had no power to doe.

Not *Adams bodie*, but his *Soule* did sinne,
 And so her selfe vnto corruption brought,
 But our poore *Soule* corrupted is within,
 Ere she had sinn'd, either in act, or thought.

And yet we see in her such powers diuine,
 As we could gladly thinke, *from God she came*,
 Faine would we make him author of the wine,
 If for the dregs we could some other blame.

The an-
 swere to
 the obiection.

Thus these good men, with holy zeale were blind,
 When on the other part the truth did shine,
 Whereof we doe cleare demonstrations find,
 By light of *nature*, and by light *diuine*.

None are so grosse, as to contend for this,
 That soules from bodies may traduced bee,
 Betweene whose natures no proportion is,
 When roote and branch in nature still agree.

But

But many subtile wits haue iustifi'd, to what it bring
That *Soules* from *Soules* spirituallly may spring;
Which (if the nature of the *Soule* be tri'd)
Will euen in nature proue as grosse a thing.

For all things made, are either made of nought,
Or made of stuffe that ready made doth stand:
Of nought no creature euer formed ought,
For that is proper to th'Almighties hand.

Reasons
drawne
from Na-
ture.

If then the *Soule* another *Soule* doe make,
Because her power is kept within a bound,
She must some former stuffe or *matter* take:
But in the *Soule* there is no *matter* found.

Then if her heavenly Forme doe not agree
With any *matter*, which the world containes,
Then she of nothing must created bee,
And to *create*, to God alone pertaines.

Again, if *Soules* doe other *Soules* beget,
Tis by themselves, or by the bodies powre:
If by themselves, what doth their working let,
But they might *Soules* engender euery houre?

If by the body, how can *wit* and *will*
Ioyne with the body onely in this act?
Since when they doe their other works fulfill,
They from the body do themselves *abstract*?

Againe, if *Soules* of *Soules* begotten were,
 Into each other they should change, and moue,
 And *change* and *motion* still *corruption* beare;
 How shall we then the *Soule* immortall proue?

If lastly *Soules* did generation vse,
 Then should they spread incorruptible seed?
 What then becomes of that which they do loose,
 When th'acts of generation do not speed?

And though the *Soule* could cast spirituall seed,
 Yet *would* she not, because she *neuer dies*,
 For mortall things desire their *like* to breed,
 That so they may their kind immortalize.

Therefore the Angels, *sonnes* of God are nam'd,
 And marrie not, nor are in mariage giuen,
 Their spirits and ours are of one *substance* fram'd,
 And haue one Father, euen the *Lord of heauen*:

Who would at first, that in each other thing,
 The *earth* and *water* liuing *soules* should breed,
 But that *Mans soule*, whom he wold make their king,
 Should from himselfe immediatly proceed.

And when he tooke the *woman* from *mans* side,
 Doubtlesse himselfe inspir'd her *Soule* alone:
 For tis not said, he did *mans Soule* diuide,
 But tooke *flesh of his flesh*, *bone of his bone*.

Lastly,

Lastly, God, being made man for mans owne sake,
 And being like man in all, except in Sinne,
 His body from the *Virgins* wombe did take;
 But all agree, *God form'd his soule within*.

Then is the *Soule* from God; so *Pagans* say,
 Which saw by natures light, her heavenly kind,
 Naming her *kin to God, and Gods bright ray*,
 A Citizen of heauen, to earth confin'd.

But now I feele, they plucke me by the care,
 Whom my yong *Muse* so boldly termed blind,
 And craue more heavenly light, that could to cleare,
 Which makes them thinke, God doth not make the
 (mind).

God doubtlesse makes her, and doth make her good,
 And graffes her in the body, there to spring,
 Which though it be corrupted, flesh and blood
 Can no way to the *Soule* corruption bring;

Reasons
 drawn frō
 diuinitie.

And yet *this Soule* (made good by God at first,
 And not corrupted by the Bodies ill)
 Euen in the wombe is sinfull, and accurst,
 Ere she can iudge by wit, or choose by will.

Yet is not God the Author of her Sinne,
 Though Author of her *being*, and *being there*,
 And if we dare to iudge our *Iudge* herein,
 He can condemne vs, and himselfe can cleere.

First

First God from infinite eternitie

Decreed, what hath bene, is, or shall be done,
And was resolu'd; that euery Man should bee,
And in his turne, his race of life should runne.

And so did purpose all the *Soules* to make,
That euery *haue bene* made, or *euery shall*,
And that their *being* they should onely take,
In humane bodies, or not *be* at all.

Was it then fit, that such a weake euent,
(*Weakenesse is selfe*, the sinne and fall of Man,)
His Counsels execution should preuent,
Decreed and fixt before the world began?

Or that one *penall law* by *Adam* broke,
Should make God breake his owne *eternal law*,
The settled order of the world reuoke,
And change all formes of things, which he foresaw?

Could *Eues* weake hand, extended to the tree,
In sunder rent that *Adamantine chaine*,
Whose golden linkes *effects* and causes bee,
And which to Gods owne chaire doth fixt remaine?

O, could we see, how cause from cause doth spring!
How mutually they linckt and folded are!
And heare how oft one disagreeing string,
The harmony doth rather make, then marre!

And

And view at once how *death* by *sinne* is brought,
And how from *death* a better *life* doth rise,
How this Gods *iustice*, and his *mercy* tought,
We this decree would praise, as right and wise.

But we that measure times by first and last,
The sight of things successiue do take,
When God on all at once his view doth cast,
And of all times, doth but one *instant* make.

All in *himselfe* as in a glasse he sees,
For from *him*, by *him*, through *him*, all things be,
His sight is not discoursiue by degrees,
But seeing the whole, each single part doth see.

He lookes on *Adam*, as a roote, or well,
And on his heires, as *branches*, and as *streames*,
He sees all men as *one* man, though they dwell
In sundry Cities, and in sundry Realmes.

And as the roote and branch are but one tree,
And well and streame, do but one riuer make,
So, if the roote and well corrupted bee,
The streame and branch the same corruption take:

So when the roote and fountaine of mankind,
Did draw corruption, and Gods curse by sinne,
This was a charge, that all his heires did bind,
And all his of-spring grew corrupt therein.

F

And

And as when th'hand doth strike, the Man offends,
 (For *part from whole, law seuers not in this,*)
 So *Adams* sinne to the whole kind extends,
 For all their Natures are but part of his.

Therefore this *sinne of kind*, not personall,
 But reall, and hereditarie was,
 The guilt whereof, and punishment to all,
 By course of Nature, and of Law doth passe.

For as that easie Law was giuen to all,
 To ancestor, and heire, to first, and last,
 So was the first transgression generall,
 And all did plucke the fruit, and all did tast.

Of this we find some footsteps in our Law,
 Which doth her Roote from God and Nature take,
 Ten thousand Men she doth together draw,
 And of them all, one Corporation make :

Yet these and their Successors are but one,
 And if they gaine, or lose their liberties,
 They harme or profit not themselves alone,
 But such as in succeeding time shall rise.

And so the ancestor, and all his heires,
 Though they in number passe the starres of heauen,
 Are still but one, his *forfeitures* are theirs,
 And vnto them are his aduancements giuen.

His

His Ciuill acts do bind and barre them all;
 And as from *Adam* all corruption take,
 So if the Fathers crime be *capitall*,
 In all the *blood*, law doth *corruption* make.

Is it then iust with vs, to disinherit
 The vnborne Nephewes, for the Fathers fault?
 And to aduance againe for one mans merit,
 A thousand heires, that haue deserued nought?

And is not Gods decree as iust as ours,
 If he for *Adams* sinne, his sonnes depriue
 Of all those natiue vertues, and those powres,
 Which he to him and to his race did giue?

For what is this contagious sinne of kind,
 But a priuation of that grace within?
 And of that great rich dowrie of the mind,
 Which all had had, but for the first mans sinne?

If then a man on light conditions gaine
 A great estate, to him and his for euer,
 If wilfully he forfeit it againe,
 Who doth bemone his heire? or blame the giuer?

So though God make the *Soule* good, rich and faire,
 Yet when her forme is to the body knit,
 Which makes the Man, which Man is *Adams heire*,
 Iustly forthwith he takes his grace from it.

And then the *Soule*, being first from nothing brought,
 When Gods grace failes her, doth to nothing fall,
 And this *declining pronenesse vnto nought*,
 Is euen that sinne that we are borne withall.

Yet not alone the first good qualities,
 Which in the first *Soule* were, depriued are,
 But in their place the contrary do rise,
 And reall spots of sinne her beauty marre.

Nor is it strange, that *Adams* ill defart,
 Should be transferd vnto his guiltie Race,
 When *Christ* his grace and iustice doth impart
 To men vniust, and such as haue no grace.

Lastly, the *Soule* were better so to bee
 Borne slaue to sinne, then not to be at all,
 Since (if she do belecue) one sets her free,
 That makes her mount the higher from her fall.

Yet *this* the curious wits will not content,
 They yet will know, (since God foresaw this ill)
 Why his high prouidence did not preuent,
 The declination of the first mans will.

If by his word he had the current staid,
 Of *Adams* will, which was by nature free,
 It had bene one, as if his word had said,
 I will henceforth, that *Man no man* shall be.

For

For what is Man without a mouing mind,
Which hath a iudging *wit*, and chusing *will*?
Now, if Gods power should her election bind,
Her motions then would cease, and stand all still.

And why did God in man this *Soule* infuse,
But that he should his maker *know*, and *loue*?
Now if *loue* be compeld, and cannot chuse,
How can it gratefull, or thanke worthy proue?

Loue must free hearted be, and voluntarie,
And not enchanted, or by Fate constraind,
Not like that loue, which did *Vlysses* carie
To *Circes* Ile, with mightie charmes enchaind.

Besides, were we vnchangeable in *will*,
And of a *wit* that nothing could misdeeme,
Equall to God, whose wisdom shined still,
And neuer erres, we might our selues esteeme.

So that if man would be vnuariable,
He must be God, or like a Rocke, or Tree,
For euen the perfect Angels were not stable,
But had a fall, more desperate then we.

Then let vs praise that Power, which maks vs bee
Men as we are, and rest contented so;
And knowing mans fall was curiositie,
Admire Gods counsels, which we cannot know.

And let vs know that God the maker is
Of all the *Soules*, in all the men that bee,
Yet their Corruption is no fault of his,
But the first Mans, that broke Gods first decree.

Why the
soule is v-
nited to
the bodie.

This substance and this spirit of Gods owne making,
Is in the body plac't, and planted here,
That both of God and of the world partaking,
Of all that is, man might the image beare.

God first made Angels bodilesse pure minds,
Then other things, which mindlesse bodies bee;
Last he made man th'*Horizon* twixt both kinds,
In whom we do the worlds abridgement see.

Besides this world below did need *one weight*,
Which might thereof distinguish euery part,
Make vse thereof, and take therein delight,
And order things with industrie, and Art:

Which also God might in his works admire,
And here beneath, yeeld him both praier and praise,
As there, aboue, the holy Angels Quire
Doth spread his glorie, with spirituall layes.

Lastly, the brute vnreasonable wights,
Did want a *visible king* on them to raigne;
And God himselfe thus to the world vnites,
That so the world might endlesse blisse obtaine.

But

But how shall we this *union* well expresse?
 Nought ties the *Soule*, her subtiltie is such,
 She moues the body, which she doth possesse,
 Yet no part toucheth, but by *vertues* such.

In what
 maner the
 soule is v-
 nited to
 the body.

Then dwels she not therein as in a tent,
 Nor as a Pilot in his Ship doth sit;
 Nor as a Spider in her Web is pent;
 Nor as the Waxe retains the print in it;

Nor as a Vessell water doth containe;
 Nor as one Liquor in another shed;
 Nor as the heat doth in the fire remaine;
 Nor as a voice throughout the aire is spread:

But as the faire, and cheerefull *morning light*,
 Doth here and there her siluer beames impart,
 And in an instant doth her selfe vnite
 To the transparent Aire, in all and part;

Still resting whole, when blowes the Aire diuide,
 Abiding pure, when th'Aire is most corrupted,
 Throughout the Aire her beames dispersing wide,
 And when the Aire is tost, not interrupted:

So doth the piercing *Soule* the body fill,
 Being all in all, and all in part diffus'd.
 Indiuisible, vncorruptible still,
 Not forc't, encountred, troubled, or confus'd.

And

And as the *Sunne* about the light doth bring,
 Though we behold it in the Aire below,
 So from th'eternall light the *Soule* doth spring,
 Though in the body she her powers doe shew.

How the
 soule doth
 exercise
 her po-
 wers in the
 body.

But as the worlds *Sunne* doth effects beget,
 Diuers, in diuers places euery day,
 Here *Autumnes* temperature, there *Summers* heate,
 Here flowry *Spring-side*, and there *Winter* gray ;

Here *Euē*, there *Morn*, here *Noon*, there *Day*, there night,
 Melts wax, dries clay, makes flowres some quick some
 Makes the *More* black, & th' *Europaan* white, (dead,
 Th' *American* tawny, and th' *East Indian* red :

So in our little world this *Soule* of ours,
 Being onely one, and to one body tied,
 Doth vse on diuers objects diuers powers,
 And so are her effects diuersified.

The vege-
 tatiue or
 quickning
 power.

Her quickning power in euery liuing part,
 Doth as a Nurse, or as a Mother serue,
 And doth employ her *æconomick* Art,
 And busie care, her household to preserue.

Here she *attracts*, and there she doth *retaine*,
 There she *decocts*, and doth the food prepare,
 There she *distributes* it to euery veine,
 There she *expels* what she may fitly spare.

This

This power to *Martha* may compared bee,
Which busie was, the *household things* to do,
Or to a *Dryas* liuing in a Tree,
For euen to Trees this power is proper too.

And though the *Soule* may not this power extend
Out of the bodie, but still vse it there,
She hath a power, which she abroad doth send,
Which views and searcheth al things eury where.

This power is Sense, which from abroad doth bring,
The colour, taste, and touch, and scent, and sound,
The quantitie and shape of eury thing,
Within th'earths Center, or heauens Circle found.

The power
of Sense.

This power in parts made fit, fit objects takes,
Yet not the things, but formes of things receiues,
As when a Seale in Waxe impression makes,
The print therein, but not it selfe, it leaues.

And though things sensible be numberlesse,
But onely fiue the *Senses* Organs bee,
And in those fiue All things their formes expresse,
Which we can touch, taste, feele, or heare, or see.

These are the windows, through the which she views,
The *light of knowledge*, which is lifes load-starre,
“ And yet whiles she these spectacles doth vse,
“ Oft worldly things seeme greater then they are.

G

First

Sight.

First the two *Eies*, which haue the *Seeing* power,
Stand as one Watchman, Spie, or Sentinell,
Being plac'd aloft within the Heads high Tower,
And though both see, yet both but one thing tell.

These Mirrors take into their little space,
The formes of *Moone* and *Sunne*, and euery *Starre*,
Of euery body, and of euery place,
Which with the worlds wide Armes embraced are.

Yet their best object, and their noblest vse,
Hereafter in another world will bee,
When God in them shall heavenly light infuse,
That face to face they may their *Maker* see.

Here are they guides, which do the body lead,
Which else would stumble in eternall night,
Here in this world they doe much knowledge *read*,
And are the Casements which admit most light:

They are her farthest reaching Instrument,
Yet they no beames vnto their objects send,
But all the rayes are from their Objects sent,
And in the *Eies* with pointed Angels end.

If th'objects be farre off, the rayes doe meete
In a sharpe point, and so things seeme but small;
If they be neare, their rayes do spread and fleete,
And make broad points, that things seeme great
(withall.

Lastly, Nine things to *Sight* required are,
 The *power* to see, the *light*, the *visible* thing,
 Being not too *small*, too *thinne*, too *nigh*, too *farre*,
Cleare space, and *time* the forme distinct to bring.

Thus see we how the *Soule* doth vse the *Eyes*,
 As instruments of her quicke power of sight,
 Hence do th' Arts *Opticke*, and faire *painting* rise;
Painting which doth all gentle minds delight.

Now let vs heare how she the *Eares* employes,
 Their office is the troubled Aire to take,
 Which in their Mazes formes a sound or noise,
 Whereof her selfe doth true distinction make.

Hearing.

These wickets of the *Soule* are plac'd on hie,
 Because all sounds do lightly mount aloft,
 And that they may not pierce too violently,
 They are delayed with turnes and windings oft.

For should the voice directly strike the braine,
 It would astonish and confuse it much,
 Therefore these plaits and folds the sound restraine;
 That it the Organ may more gently touch.

As Streames, which with their winding banks do play,
 Stopt by their Creeks, run softly through the plaine,
 So in the Eares labyrinth the voice doth stray,
 And doth with easie motion touch the braine.

It is the slowest, yet the daintiest *Sense*,
 For euen the *eares* of such as haue no skill,
 Perceiue a discord, and conceiue Offence,
 And knowing not what is good, yet find the ill.

And though this *Sense* first gentle *Musicke* found,
 Her proper object is *the speech of men*;
 But that speech chiefly, which Gods herralds found,
 When their Tongs vtter, what his Spirit did pen.

Our *Eyes* haue lids, our *Eares* still ope we see,
 Quickly to heare, how euery tale is proued;
 Our *Eyes* still moue, our *Eares* vn moued bee, (ued.
 That though we heare quicke, we be not quickly mo-

Thus by the Organs of the *Eye* and *Eare*,
 The *Soule* with knowledge doth her selfe endew;
 Thus she her prison may with pleasure beare,
 Hauing such prospects, All the world to view.

These Conduit-pipes of knowledge feed the mind,
 But th'other three attend the Body still;
 For by their seruices the *Soule* doth find,
 What things are to the Body, good or ill.

T:hc.

The Bodies life with meates and Aire is fed,
 Therefore the *Soule* doth vse the *tasting* power,
 In Veines, which through the Tong & Palate spread,
 Distinguish euery rellish, sweete, and sower.

This

This is the Bodies *Nurse*; but since mans wit
Found th'art of *Cookerie*, to delight his *Sense*,
More bodies are consum'd and kild with it,
Then with the sword, famine, or pestilence.

Next in the Nostrils she doth vse the *smell*,
As God the *breath of life* in them did giue,
So makes he now his power in them to dwell,
To iudge all Aires, whereby we *breath* and *line*. Smelling.

This *Sense* is also mistresse of an Art,
Which to soft people sweete perfumes doth sell :
Though this deare Art doth little good impart,
“ Since they smell best, that do of nothing smell.

And yet good *sents* do purifie the braine,
Awake the Fancie, and the Wits refine;
Hence old *Deuotion*, *Incense* did ordaine,
To make mens spirits more apt for thoughts diuine.

Lastly the *Feeling power*, which is Lifes roote,
Through euery liuing part it selfe doth shed,
By *sineues* which extend from head to foote,
And like a Ner all ore the body spred. Feeling.

Much like a subrill Spider, which doth sit
In middle of her Web, which spreadeth wide,
If ought do touch the vtmost threed of it,
Shee feeles it instantly on euery side.

By *touch* the first pure qualities we learne,
Which quicken all things *hote, cold, moist, and drie;*
By *touch, hard, soft, rough, smooth,* we doe discern;e;
By *touch, sweete pleasure, and sharpe paine* we trie.

These are the outward Instruments of *Sense*,
These are the *Guards*, which euery thing must passe,
Ere it approach the minds intelligence,
Or touch the Phantasie, *with looking glasse.*

The ima-
gination or
common
Sense.

And yet these Porters which all things admit,
Themselues perceiue not, nor discern the things:
One *Common* power doth in the forehead sit,
Which all their proper formes together brings.

For all those *Nerues*, which *spirits of Sense* do beare,
And to those outward Organs spreading go,
Vnited are as in a Center there,
And there this power those sundry formes doth
(know.

Those outward Organs present things receiue,
This inward *Sense* doth absent things retaine;
Yet straight transmits all formes she doth perceiue,
Vnto a higher region of the *braine*.

The Phā-
rasie.

Where *Phantasie*, neare handmaid to the mind,
Sits, and beholds, and doth discern them all;
Compounds in one, things diuerse in their kind;
Compares the blacke and white, the great and small.
Besides

Besides those single formes, she doth esteeme,
 And in her Ballance doth their values trie,
 Where some things good, & some things ill do seeme,
 And neutrall some in her *phantasticke* eye.

This busie power is working day and night,
 For when the outward *Senses* rest do take,
 A thousand dreames phantasticall and light,
 With fluttering wings do keepe her still awake.

Yet alwaies all may not afore her bee,
 Succesfully she this, and that intends,
 Therefore such formes as she doth cease to see,
 To *Memories* large volume she commends.

The sensitive
 memory.

This *Lidger Booke* lies in the braine behind,
 Like *Ianus* eye, which in his poll was set,
 The *Lay-mans Tables*, *Store-house of the mind*,
 Which doth remember much, and much forget.

Here *Senses Apprehension* end doth take,
 As when a Stone is into water cast,
 One Circle doth another Circle make,
 Till the last circle touch the banke at last.

But though the *apprehensive power* do pause,
 The *Motive* vertue, then begins to moue,
 Which in the heart below doth *passions* cause,
Joy, *griefe*, and *fear*, and *hope*, and *hate*, and *love*.

The passions
 of
 Sense.

These

These passions haue a free commanding might,
And diuers actions in our life do breed,
For all acts done without true reasons light,
Doe from the passion of the *Sense* proceed.

But sith the *Braine* doth lodge these powers of *Sense*,
How makes it in the heart those passions spring?
The mutuall loue, the kind intelligence
Twixt heart and braine, this *Sympathie* doth bring.

From the kind heate, which in the heart doth raigne,
The *spirits* of life do their beginning take,
These *spirits* of life ascending to the braine,
When they come there, the *spirits* of *Sense* do make.

These *spirits* of *Sense* in Phantasies high Court,
Iudge of the formes of *Obiects* ill or well,
And so they send a good or ill report,
Downe to the heart, where all affections dwell.

If the report be *good*, it causeth *loue*,
And longing *hope*, and well assured *ioy*,
If it be *ill*, then doth it *hatred* moue,
And trembling *fear*, and vexing *griefes* annoy.

Yet were these naturall affections good,
(For they which want them *blocks* or *dinels* be)
If *reason* in her first perfection stood,
That she might *Natures* passions rectifie.

Besides

Besides, an other *Motive* power doth rise
 Out of the heart, from whose pure blood do spring,
 The *vitall Spirits*, which borne in *Arteries*,
 Continual motion to all parts do bring.

The motion
 of life.

This makes the pulses beate, and lungs respire,
 This holds the sinewes like a Bridles raines,
 And makes the body to aduance, retire,
 To turne, or stop, as she then slacks, or straines.

The locall
 motion.

Thus the *Soule* tunes the *Bodies* Instrument,
 These harmonies she makes with *life* and *sense*,
 The Organs fit are by the body lent,
 But th'actions flow from the *Soules* influence.

But now I haue a *will*, yet want a *wit*,
 To expresse the working of the *wit* and *will*,
 Which though their roote be to the body knit,
 Vse not the body, when they vse their skill.

The intel-
 lectual po-
 wers of
 the soule.

These powers the nature of the *Soule* declare,
 For to mans *Soule* these onely proper bee,
 For on the earth no other wights there are,
 Which haue these heavenly powers, but only wee.

The *wit*, the pupill of the *Soules* cleare eye,
 And in mans world the onely shining *Starre*,
 Lookes in the mirror of the phantasie,
 Where all the gatherings of the *Senses* are.

The wit
 or vnder-
 standing.

H

From

From thence this power the shapes of things abstracts,
 And them within her *passive part* receiues,
 Which are enlightned by that part which *acts*,
 And so the formes of single things perceiues.

But after by discoursing to and fro,
 Anticipating, and comparing things,
 She doth all vniuersall natures know,
 And all *effects* into their *causes* brings.

Reason. Whē she *rates* things, & moues from ground to ground,
 The name of *Reason* she obtaines by this:
 But when by reasons she the truth hath found,
 And *standeth fixt*, she *understanding* is.

Vnder-
 standing.

Opinion. When her assent she *lightly* doth encline
 To either part, she is *opinion light*:
 But when she doth by principles define
 A certaine truth, she hath *true iudgements* sight.

Iudge-
 ment.

And as from *Senses reasons* worke doth spring,
 So many *Reasons understanding* gaine,
 And many *understandings, knowledge* bring,
 And by much *knowledge, wisdom* we obtaine.

So, many staires we must ascend vp right,
 Ere we attaine to *wisdomes* high degree,
 So doth this earth eclipse our reasons light,
 Which else (in instants) would like Angels see.

Yet

Yet hath the *Soule* a dowie naturall,
 And *sparks of light* some common things to see,
 Not being a *blancke*, where nought is writ at all,
 But what the writer will may written bee.

For nature in mans heart her lawes doth pen,
 Prescribing *truth* to *wit*, and *good* to *will*,
 Which do *accuse*, or else *excuse* all men,
 For euery thought, or practise, good, or ill.

And yet these sparks grow almost infinite,
 Making the world, and all therein their food;
 As fire so spreads as no place holdeth it,
 Being nourisht still, with new supplies of wood.

And though these sparks were almost quencht with sin,
 Yet they whom that *Iust one* hath Iustifide,
 Haue them encreas'd, with heauenly light within,
 And like the *widowes oyle* still multiplide.

And as this *wit* should goodnesse truly know,
 We haue a *wit* which that true good should chuse,
 Though *will* do oft, (when *wit* false formes doth
 Take ill for good, and good for ill refuse. (show.)

The power
 of will.

Will puts in practise what the *wit* deuiseeth,
Will euer acts, and *wit* contemplates still,
 And as from *wit* the power of *wisdom* riseth,
 All other vertues daughters are of *will*.

The Rela-
 tions be-
 twixt *wit*
 and *will*.

Will is the Prince, and *wis* the Counsellor,
Which doth for common good in Counsell sit,
And when *wis* is resolu'd, *will* lends her power,
To execute, what is advis'd by *wis*.

Wis is the minds chief Iudge, which doth Controule,
Of fancies Court the iudgements false and vaine,
Will holds the royall Scepter in the Soule,
And on the passions of the heart doth raigne.

Will is as free as any Emperour,
Nought can restrain her gentle libertie,
No Tyrant, nor no Torment hath the powre,
To make vs *will*, when we *unwilling* bee.

The intel-
lectuall
memory.

To these high powers a Store-house doth pertaine,
Where they all Arts and generall Reasons lay,
Which in the Soule, even after death remaine,
And no *Lethaean* Flood can wash away.

This is the Soule, and those her vertues bee,
Which though they haue their sundry proper end,
And one exceeds another in degree,
(Yet each on other mutually depends.

Our *wit* is giuen, Almighty God to know,
Our *will* is giuen to love him being knowne;
But God could not be knowne to vs below,
But by his *works*, which through the *sense* are shown.
And

And as the *wit* doth reape the fruits of *Sense*,
 So doth the *quickning* powre the *senses* feed,
 Thus while they do their sundry gifts dispence,
 The best the seruice of the least doth need.

Euen so the King his Magistrates do serue,
 Yet Commons feede both Magistrate and King,
 The Commons peace the Magistrates preserue,
 By borrowed power, which from the Prince doth
 (spring.

The *quickning power* would be, and so would rest;
 The *sense* would not be onely, but be well,
 But *wits* ambition longeth to be best,
 For it desires in endlesse blisse to dwell.

And these three powers three sorts of men doe make,
 For some like plants their veines do only fill,
 And some like beasts their senses pleasure take;
 And some like Angels do Contemplate still.

Therefore the fables turnd some men to flowers,
 And others did with brutish formes inuest,
 And did of others make Celestiall powers,
 Like Angels, which still trauell, yet still rest.

Yet these three powres are not three *Soules*, but one,
 As one and two are both containd in *three*,
Three being one number by it selfe alone,
 A shadow of the blessed Trinitie.

An Ac-
clamation

O *what* is man (great maker of mankind)
That thou to him so great respect dost beare?
That thou adornst him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and euen an Angels peere?

O what a liuely life, what heauenly power,
What spreading vertue, what a sparkling fire,
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dowe,
Do'st thou within this dying flesh inspire!

Thou leau'st thy print in other workes of thine,
But thy whole image thou in man hast writ,
There cannot be a creature more diuine,
Except (like thee) it should be infinit.

But it exceeds mans thought, to thinke how high
God hath raisd *man*, since *God* a *man* became,
The Angels do admire this *mysterie*,
And are astonisht when they view the same.

That the
soule is
immortal,
and can-
not die.

Nor hath he giuen these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the bodies life depend,
The *Soule*, though made in time, *Survines for aye*,
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

Her onely *end*, is *newer ending blisse*,
Which is, *th' eternall face of God to see*,
Who *last of ends*, and *first of causes* is,
And to do this, she must *eternall bee*.

How

How senselesse then and dead a *Soule* hath hee,
Which *thinks* his *Soule* doth with his body die?
Or *thinks* not so, but so would haue it bee,
That he might sinne with more security?

For though these light and vicious persons *say*,
Our *Soule* is but a smoke, or airy blast,
Which during life doth in our nostrils play,
And when we die, doth turne to wind at last:

Although they *say*, come *let vs eate and drinke*,
Our life is but a sparke, which quickly dies,
Though thus they *say*, they know not what to *think*,
But in their minds ten thousand doubts arise.

Therefore no heretikes desire to spread,
Their light opinions, like these *Epicures*,
For so their staggering thoughts are comforted,
And other mens assent their doubt assures.

Yet though these men against their conscience strue,
There are some sparkles in their flinty breasts,
Which cannot be extinct, but still reuiue,
That though they would, they cannot quit be *beasts*.

But who so makes a mirror of his mind,
And doth with patience view himselfe therein,
His *Soules* eternity shall clearely find,
Though th'other beauties be defac't with sinne.

First

1. Reason.
Drawne
from the
desire of
knowledg.

*First in mans mind we find an appetite,
To learne and know the truth of euery thing,
Which is connaturall, and borne with it,
And from the Essence of the Soule doth spring.*

*With this desire she hath a native might,
To find out euery truth, if she had time,
Th'innumerable effects to sort aright,
And by degrees from cause to cause to clime.*

*But since our life so fast away doth slide,
As doth a hungry Eagle through the wind,
Or as a Ship transported with the tide,
Which in their passage leaue no print behind :*

*Of which swift litle time so much we spend, (straine,
While some few things we through the sense do
That our short race of life is at an end,
Ere we the principles of skill attaine.*

*Or God (which to vaine ends hath nothing done)
In vaine this appetite and power hath giuen,
Or else our knowledge which is here begon,
Hereafter must be perfected in heauen.*

*God neuer gaue a power to one whole kind,
But most part of that kind did vse the same,
Most eies have perfect sight, though some be blind,
Most legs can nimble run, though some be lame :*

But

But in this life no *Soule* the truth can know,
 So perfectly, as it hath power to do:
 If then perfection be not found below,
 An higher place must make her mount thereto.

Again, how can she but immortall bee?
 When with the motions of both *will* and *wit*,
 She still aspireth to eternitie,
 And neuer rests, till she attaine to it.

2. Reason.
 Drawn from
 the moti-
 on of the
 Soule.

Water in conduit-pipes can rise no higher,
 Then the well head, from whence it first doth spring;
 Then since to eternall God she doth aspire,
 She cannot be but an eternall thing.

" All mouing things to other things do moue,
 " Of the same kind, which shews their nature such;
 So *earth* falls downe, and *fire* doth mount aboue,
 Till both their proper Elements do touch.

And as the moisture which the thirstie earth,
 Suckles from the sea, to fill her emptie vaines,
 From out her wombe at last doth take a birth,
 And runnes a *Nymph* along the grassie plaines:

The Soule
 compared
 to a Riuer,

Long doth she stay, as loath to leaue the land,
 From whose soft side she first did issue make;
 She tastes all places, turnes to euery hand,
 Her flowrie bankes vnwilling to forsake:

I

Yet

Yet *Nature* for her streames doth lead and carry,
 As that her course doth make no finall stay,
 Till she her selfe vnto the *Ocean* marry,
 Within whose watry bosome first she lay:

Euen so the *Soule*, which in this earthly mould,
 The Spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
 Because at first she doth the earth behold,
 And onely this materiall world she viewes.

At first our *mother earth* she holdeth dère,
 And doth embrace the world and worldly things,
 She flies close by the ground, and houers here,
 And mounts not vp with her celestiall wings.

Yet vnder heauen she cannot light on ought,
 That with her heavenly *nature* doth agree,
 She cannot rest, she cannot fixe her thought,
 She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did euer yet in *honour, wealth,*
 Or *pleasure of the sense* contentment find?
 Who euer ceas'd to wish, when he had *health,*
 Or hauing *wisedome*, was not vext in mind?

Then as a *Bee* which among weeds doth fall,
 Which seeme sweet floures, with lustre fresh, and gay,
 She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all,
 But pleas'd with none, doth rise, and soare away.

So

So when the *Soule* finds here no true content,
And like *Noahs* Doue, can no sure footing take,
She doth returne from whence she first was sent,
And flies to *him* that first her wings did make.

Wit seeking *truth*, from cause to cause ascends,
And neuer rests, till it the *first* attaine,
Will seeking *good*, finds many middle ends,
But neuer staies, till at the *last* do gaine.

Now God the *Truth* and *first* of causes is,
God is the *last good end*, which lasteth still,
Being *Alpha* and *omega* nam'd for this,
Alpha to wit, *omega* to the will.

Sith then her heavenly kind she doth bewray,
In that to God she doth directly moue,
And on no mortall thing can make her stay,
She cannot be from hence, but from *aboue*.

And yet this *first true cause*, and *last good end*,
She cannot here so well, and truly see,
For this perfection she must yet attend,
Till to her *maker* she espoused bee.

As a *Kings* daughter, being in prison sought,
Of diuers Princes, which do neighbour neare,
On none of them can fixe a constant thought,
Though she to all do lend a gentle care:

Yet can she loue a Forraine *Emperour*,
Whom of great worth, and power she hears to bee,
If she be woo'd but by *Embassadour*,
Or but his *letters*, or his *picture* see :

For well she knowes, that when she shall be brought
Into the *Kingdome*, where her *spouse* doth raigne,
Her eyes shall see, what she conceiu'd in thought,
Himselfe, his state, his glory, and his traine :

So while the *Virgin Soule* on *Earth* doth stay,
She woo'd and temptred is ten thousand waies,
By these great powers, which on the *earth* beare sway
The *wisdom* of the *world*, *wealth*, *pleasure*, *praise*.

With these sometime she doth her time beguile,
These do by fits her phantasie possesse,
But she distastes them all within a while,
And in the sweetest finds a Tedioufnesse.

But if vpon the worlds Almighty King,
She once do fixe her humble louing thought,
Which by his *picture* drawne in euery thing,
And *sacred messages* her *loue* hath sought :

Of him she thinks she cannot thinke too much,
This hony tasted still, is euer sweete,
The pleasure of her rauisht thought is such,
As almost here, she with her blisse doth meete.

But

But when in heauen she shall his *Essence* see,
 This is her *soveraigne good*, and *perfect blisse*,
 Her longings, wishings, hopes, all finish't bee,
 Her ioyes are full, her Motions rest in this :

There is she Crownd with garlands of *content*,
 There doth she Manna eate, and Nectar drinke,
 That presence doth such high delights present,
 As neuer tongue could speake, nor hart could think.

For *this* the better *Soules* do oft despise
 The bodies death, and do it oft desire :
 For when on ground the burthened ballance lies,
 The empty part is lifted vp the higher.

3. Reason.
 From con-
 tempt of
 death in
 the beter
 sort of spi-
 rits.

But if the bodies death the *Soule* should kill,
 Then death must needs *against her nature* bee,
 And were it so, all *Soules* would flie it still,
 For Nature hates and shunneth her contrary.

For all things else, which Nature makes to bee,
 Their *being* to preserve are chiefly taught,
 For though some things desire a change to see,
 Yet neuer thing did long to turne to naught.

If then by death the *Soule* were quenched quite,
 She could not thus *against her nature* runne,
 Since euery senselesse thing by Natures light,
 Doth preservation seeke, destruction shunne.

Nor could the worlds best spirits so much erre,
 If death tooke all, that they should all agree,
 Before this life their *honor* to preferre;
 For what is praise to things that nothing bee?

Againe, if by the bodies prop she stand,
 If on the bodies life, her life depend,
 As *Meleagers* on the fatall brand,
 The bodies good she onely would intend.

We should not find her halfe so braue and bold,
 To lead it to the warres, and to the Seas,
 To make it suffer watchings, hunger, cold,
 When it might feed with plenty, rest with ease.

Doubtlesse all *Soules* haue a suruiuing thought,
 Therefore of death we thinke with quiet mind,
 But if we thinke of *being turn'd to nought*,
 A trembling horror in our *Soules* we find.

4. Reason.
 From the
 feare of
 death in
 the wic-
 ked soules.

And as the better spirit, when she doth beare
 A scorne of death, doth shew she cannot die;
 So when the wicked *Soule* deaths face doth feare,
 Euen then she proues her owne eternity.

For when deaths forme appeares, she feareth not
 An vtter quenching, or extinguishment,
 She would be glad to meere with such a lot,
 That so she might all future ill preuent:

But

But she doth doubt what after may befall,
For natures law accuseth her within,
And saith, Tis true that is affirm'd by all,
That after Death there is a paine for sinne.

Then she which hath bene hudwinckt from her birth,
Doth first her selfe within Deaths mirror see,
And when her bodie doth returne to earth,
She first takes care, how she alone shall bee.

Who euer sees these irreligious men,
With burthen of a sicknesse weake and faint,
But heares them talking of religion then,
And vowing of their *Soules* to euery Saint?

When was there euer cursed *Atheist* brought,
Vnto the *Gibbet*, but he did adore,
That blessed power, which he had set at nought,
Scorn'd and blasphem'd, all his life before?

These light vaine persons still are drunke and mad,
With surfetings, and pleasures of their youth;
But at their death's they are fresh, sober, sad,
Then they discerne, and then they speake the truth.

If then all *Soules* both good and bad doe teach,
With generall voice, that *Soules* can neuer die,
Tis not mans flattering glose, but *Natures speech*,
Which like *Gods* oracle, can neuer lie.

Hence

3. Reason.
From the
general de-
fire of Im-
mortalitie.

Hence springs that vniuerfall strong desire,
Which all men haue of Immortalitie;
Not some few spirits vnto this thought aspire,
But all mens minds in this vnited bee.

Then this desire of Nature is not vaine,
“ She couets not Impossibilities;
“ Fond thoughts may fall into some idle braine,
“ But one *Assent* of all, is euer wise.

From hence that generall care and studie springs,
That *launching* and *progreſſion* of the mind,
Which all men haue ſo much of Future things;
As they no ioy do in the preſent find.

From this deſire, that maine deſire proceeds,
Which all men haue, ſuruiuing Fame to gaine,
By *Tombes*, by *Bookes*, by memorable *Deedes*,
For ſhe that this deſires, doth ſtill remaine.

Hence laſtly ſprings Care of poſterities,
For things their kind would euerlaſting make;
Hence is it, that old men do plant yong Trees,
The fruit whereof another age ſhall take.

If we theſe Rules vnto our ſelues apply,
And view them by reflection of the mind;
All theſe true notes of immortalitie,
In our *Hearts Tables* we ſhall written find.

And

And though some impious wits do questions moue,
And doubt if *Soules* immortall be or no,
That *doubts* their immortality doth proue,
Because they seeme immortall things to know.

16. Reason.
From the
very doubt
and disputa-
tion of
immorta-
litie.

For he which reasons on both parts doth bring,
Doth some things mortall, some immortall call,
Now if himselfe were but a mortall thing,
He could not iudge immortall things at all.

For when we iudge, our minds we mirrors make,
And as those glasses which materiall bee,
Formes of materiall things do onely take,
For thoughts or minds in them we cannot see.

So when we God and Angels do conceiue,
And thinke of *truth*, which is eternall to,
Then do our minds immortall formes receiue,
Which if they mortall were, they could not doe.

And as if beasts conceiu'd what reason were,
And that conception should distinctly show,
They should the name of *reasonable* beare;
For without *Reason* none could *reason* know.

So when the *Soule* mounts with so high a wing,
As of eternall things she *doubts* can moue,
She proofes of her eternity doth bring,
Euen when she striues the contrary to proue.

K

For

For euen the *thought* of Immortalitie,
Being an act done without the bodies aide,
Shewes that her selfe alone could moue, and bee,
Although the body in the graue were laide.

And if her selfe she can so liuely moue,
And neuer need a forraine help to take,
Then must her motion euerlasting proue,
“ Because her selfe she neuer can forsake.

That the Soule can not be destroyed.
But though corruption cannot touch the mind,
By any cause that from it selfe may spring,
Some outward cause Fate hath perhaps designed,
Which to the *Soule* may vtter quenching bring.

Her cause ceaseth not.
Perhaps her cause may cease, and she may die,
God is her *cause*, his *word* her maker was,
Which shall stand fixt for all eternitie,
When heauen and earth shall like a shadow passe.

She hath no contrarie.
Perhaps some thing repugnant to her kind,
By strong *Antipathy* the *Soule* may kill,
But what can be *contrarie* to the mind,
Which holds all *contraries* in concord still?

She lodgeth heate, and cold, and moist, and dry,
And life, and death, and peace, and warre together,
Ten thousand fighting things in her do lye,
Yet neither troubleth or disturbeth either.

Perhaps

Perhaps for want of food the *Soule* may pine,
 But that were strange, since all things *bad and good*,
 Since all Gods creatures *mortall and diuine*,
 Since *God himselfe* is her eternall food.

She can-
 not die for
 want of
 food.

Bodies are fed with things of mortall kind,
 And so are subiect to mortalitie,
 But *truth*, which is eternall, feeds the mind;
 The *tree of life* which will not let her die.

Yet violence perhaps the *Soule* destroies,
 As lightning or the *Sun-beames* dimme the sight,
 Or as a thunder-clap or Cannons noise,
 The power of hearing doth astonish quite.

Violence
 cannot de-
 stroy her.

But high perfection to the *Soule* it brings,
 T encounter things most excellent and high;
 For when she viewes the best and greatest things,
 They do not hurt, but rather cleare her eye.

Besides as *Homers Gods* gainst Armies stand,
 Her subtile forme can through all dangers slide,
 Bodies are captiue, minds endure no band,
 " And will is free, and can no force abide.

But lastly, *Time* perhaps at last hath power,
 To spend her lively powers, and quench her light,
 But old God *Saturne* which doth all deuoure,
 Doth cherish her, and still augment her might.

Time can
 not de-
 stroy her.

Heauen waxeth old, and all the *Sphaeres* above
 Shall one day faint, and their swift motion stay,
 And *Time* it selfe in *Time* shall cease to moue,
 Onely the Soule *suruiues*, and liues for aye.

" Our bodies every footstep that they make,
 " March towards death, vntill at last they die,
 " Whether we worke, or play, or sleepe, or wake,
 " Our life doth passe, and with *times* wings doth flie.

But to the Soule *Time* doth perfection giue,
 And ads fresh lustre to her beautie still,
 And makes her in eternall youth to liue,
 Like her which Nectar to the gods doth fill.

The more she liues, the more she feeds on *truth*,
 The more she feeds, her *strength* doth more encrease,
 And what is *strength*, but an effect of youth?
 Which if *time* nurse, how can it euer cease?

Obiecti-
 ons 2-
 gainst the
 immorta-
 lity of the
 Soule.

But now these *Epicures* begin to smile,
 And say, my doctrine is more safe then true,
 And that I fondly doe my selfe beguile,
 While these receiued opinions I ensue.

1. Obiecti-
 on.

For what, say they, doth not the Soule waxe old?
 How comes it then, that aged men do dote?
 And that their braines grow sottish, dull, and cold,
 Which were in youth the onely spirits of note?

What?

What ? are not *Soules* within themselves corrupted ?
 How can there Idiots then by nature bee ?
 How is it that some wits are interrupted,
 That now they dazled are, now clearly see ?

These Questions make a subtile Argument,
 To such as thinke both *Sense* and *reason* one,
 To whom nor agent, from the Instrument,
 Nor power of working, from the worke is knowne.

Answer.

But they that know that wit can shew no skill.
 But when the things in *Senses* glasse doth view,
 Do know, if accident this glasse do spill,
 It *nothing* sees, or *sees the false for true*.

For if that region of the tender braine,
 Wherein th'inward sense of phantasie should sit,
 And th'outward senses gatherings should retaine,
 By nature, or by chance, become vnfit,

Either at first vncapable it is,
 And so few things or none at all receiues,
 Or mard by accident, which haps amisse,
 And so amisse it euery thing perceiues.

Then as a cunning Prince that vseth *Spies*,
 If they returne no newes, doth nothing know,
 But if they make aduertisement of lies,
 The Princes Counsell all awrie do go :

Euen so, the *Soule* to such a body knit,
 Whose inward senses vndisposed bee,
 And to receiue the formes of things vnfit,
 Where nothing is brought in, can nothing see.

This makes the Idiot, which hath yet a mind,
 Able to *know* the truth, and *chuse* the good,
 If she such figures in the braine did find,
 As might be found, if it in temper stood.

But if a *Phrensie* do possesse the braine,
 It so disturbs and blots the formes of things,
 As phantasie proues altogether vaine,
 And to the wit no true relation brings.

Then doth the wit admitting all for true,
 Build fond conclusions on those idle grounds,
 Then doth it flie the good, and ill pursue,
 Beleeuing all that this false *Spie* propounds.

But purge the humors, and the rage appease,
 Which this distemper in the fancie wrought,
 Then *will* the *wit*, which neuer had disease,
 Discourse, and iudge discretely as it ought.

So though the clouds eclipse the *Sunnes* faire light,
 Yet from his face they do not take one beame;
 So haue our eyes their perfect power of sight,
 Euen when they looke into a troubled streame.

Then

Then these defects, in *senses* organs bee,
Not in the *Soule* or in her working might,
She cannot lose her perfect power to see,
Though mists & clouds, do choke her window light;

These imperfections then we must impute,
Not to the Agent, but the Instrument,
We must not blame *Apollo*, but his Lute,
If false accords from her false strings be sent.

The *Soule* in all hath one intelligence;
Though too much moisture in an infants braine,
And too much drinesse in an old mans sense,
Cannot the prints of outward things retaine :

Then doth the *Soule* want worke, and idle sit,
And this we *childishnesse* and *dotage* call,
Yet hath she then a quicke and active wit,
If she had stuffe and tooles to worke withall.

For, giue her organs fit, and objects faire,
Giue but the aged man the yong mans sense,
Let but *Medea* *Aesons* youth repaire,
And straight she shewes her wonted excellence.

As a good Harper stricken farre in yeares,
Into whose cunning hands the gowte is fall,
All his old Crochets in his braine he beares,
But on his harpe plaies ill, or not at all :

But

But if *Apollo* take his gowte away,
 That he his nimble fingers may applie,
Apolloes selfe will enuie at his play,
 And all the world applaud his minstrallic.

Then *dotage* is no weakenesse of the mind,
 But of the *Sense*, for if the mind did wast,
 In all old men we should this wasting find,
 When they some certaine terme of yeares had past :

But most of them euen to their dying howre,
 Retaine a mind more liuely, quicke, and strong,
 And better vse their vnderstanding powre, (yong.
 Then when their brains were warme, and lims were

For though the body wasted be and weake,
 And though the leaden forme of earth it beares,
 Yet when we heare that halfe-dead body speake,
 We oft are rauisht to the heauenly *Spheares*.

2. Objecti-
 on.

Yet say these men, if all her organs die,
 Then hath the *Soule* no power her powers to vse,
 So in a sort her powers extinct do lie,
 When vnto *act* she cannot them reduce.

And if her powers be dead, then what is shee?
 For since from euery thing some powers do spring,
 And from those powers some *acts* proceeding bee,
 Then kill both *power*, and *act*, and kill the *thing*.

Doubtlesse

Doubtlesse the bodies death, when once it dies,
The instruments of sense and life doth kill,
So that she cannot vse those faculties,
Although their roote rest in her substance still.

Answers.

But (as the body living,) *will* and *will*,
Can *iudge* and *chuse*, without the bodies ayde,
Though on such objects they are working still,
As through the bodies organs are conuayde.

So when the body serues her tyme no more,
And all her *Senses* are extinct and gone,
She can discourse of what she learn'd before,
In heavenly contemplations all alone.

So if one man well on a Lute doth play,
And haue good horsemanship, and learnings skill,
Though both his lute and horse we take away,
Doth he not keepe his former learning still?

He keeps it doubtlesse, and can vse it to,
And doth both th'other *skills* in power retaine;
And can of both the proper actions do,
If with his lute or horse he meeete againe.

So (though the instruments by which we live,
And view the world; the bodies death do kill,)
Yet with the body they shall all reuiue;
And all their wonted offices fulfill,

L

But

3. Obiecti. *But how till then shall she her selfe imploy?* (before,
 on. Her spices are dead, which brought home newes
 What she hath got and keepe, she may enioy;
 But she hath meanes to vnderstand no more.

Then what do those poore *Soules* which nothing get?
 Or what do those which get and cannot keepe?
 Like Buckets bottomlesse, which all out let,
 Those *Soules* for want of exercise must sleepe.

Answer. *See how mans Soule against it selfe doth strive;*
 Why should we not haue other meanes to know?
 As children while within the wombe they liue
 Feede by the nauill, here they feed not so.

These children, if they had some vse of sense;
 And should by chance their mothers talking heare,
 That in short time they shal come forth from thence,
 Would feare their birth, more then our death we
 (feare.

They would crie out, If we this place shall leaue,
 Then shall we breake our tender nauill strings:
 How shall we then our nourishment receiue,
 Since our sweete food no other conduit brings?

And if a man should to these babes reply,
 That into this faire world they shall be brought;
 Where they shall see the earth, the *Sea*, the skie;
 The glorious *Sun*, and all that God hath wrought:
 That

That there ten thousand dainties they shall meet,
Which by their mouths they shal with pleasure take,
Which shalbe cordiall too, as well as sweete,
And of their little limbes tall bodies make.

This would they thinke a fable, even as we
Do thinke the *Storie* of the *golden age*,
Or as some sensuall spirits amongst vs be,
Which hold the *world to come*, a *fained Stage*.

Yet shall these infants after find all true,
Though then thereof they nothing could conceiue,
As soone as they are borne, the world they view,
And with their mouths the nurses milke receiue.

So when the *Soule* is borne (for death is nought,
But the *Soules* birth, and so we should it call)
Ten thousand things she sees beyond her thought,
And in an vnknowne maner knowes them all.

Then doth she see by Spectacles no more,
She heares not by report of double spies,
Her selfe in instants doth all things explore,
For each thing present, and before her lies.

But still this crew with questions me pursues,
If *Soules* decaisd (say they) still liuing bee,
Why do they not returne, to bring vs newes
Of that strange world, where they such wonders see?

4. Obiecti-
on.

Answer. *Fond men* if we beleue, that men do liue
 Vnder the *Zenith* of both *fiery Poles*,
 Though none come thence advertisement to giue,
 Why beare we not the like faith of our *Soules*?

The *Soule* hath here on earth no more to do,
 Then we haue businesse in our mothers wombe:
 What child doth couet to returne thence?
 Although all children first from thence do come,

But as *Noahs Pigeon* which returned no more,
 Did shew the footing found for all the flood,
 So when good *Soules* departed through deaths dore
 Come not againe, it shewes their dwelling good.

And doubtlesse such a *Soule* as vp doth mount,
 And doth appeare before her Makers face,
 Holds this vile world in such a base account,
 As shee looks downe, & scorns this wretched place.

But such as are detrudd downe to hell,
 Either for shame they fill themselves retire,
 Or tied in chains, they in close prison dwell,
 And cannot come, although they much desire.

5. Obiecti. *Well well*, say these vaine spirits, though vaine it is
 To thinke our *Soules* to heauen or hell do go,
Politique men haue thought it not amisse
 To spread this *Lie*, to make men verminous fo.

Do you then think this *world* your good? Answer.

I thinke you do, *even* for your private *gaine*,

For Common wealths by *our* ever good,

And Common good the private doth containe.

If then this *world* you do love so well,

Have you no meanses her practise to maintaine,

But you this *Lie* must to the people tell,

That good *Soules* live in ioy, and ill in paine?

Must *vertue* be performed by a *Lie*?

Vertue and *Truth* do ever best agree,

By this it seems to be a *verrie*,

Since the effects so good and vertuous bee.

For as the *Diuell* father is of lies,

So vice and mischief doe his lies ensue,

Then this good doctrine did not he devise,

But made this *Lie*, which saith it is not true.

For how can that be false, which every tongue

Of every mortall man, affirms for true?

Which truth hath in all ages beene so strong,

As lodestone like all hearts it ever drew.

The gene-
rall con-
sent of all.

For not the *Christian*, or the *Jew* alone,

The *Persian*, or the *Turke*, acknowledge this,

This mysterie to the wild *Indian* knowne,

And to the *Canniball* and *Tartar* is.

This rich *Asiyan* drugge growes euery where,
As common in the *North* as in the *East*,
This doctrine doth not enter by the *care*,
But of it selfe is native in the breast.

None that acknowledge God, or providence,
Their *Soules* eternitie did euer doubt,
For all *Religion* takes her roote from hience,
Which no poore naked Nation liues without.

For since the world for man created was,
(For onely man the vse thereof doth know)
If man do perish like a withered grasse,
How doth Gods wisdom order things below?

And if that wisdom still wise ends propound,
Why made he man of other creatures King?
When (if he perish here) there is not found,
In all the world so poore and vile a thing.

If death do quench vs quite, we haue great wrong,
Since for our seruice all things else were wrought,
That *Dawes*, and *Trees*, and *Rockes*, should last so long,
When we must in an instant passe to nought.

But blest be that *great power*, that hath vs blest,
With longer life then heauen or earth can haue,
Which hath enfold into one mortall brest,
Immortall powers not subject to the graue.

For

For though the *Soule* do seeme her graue to beare,
 And in this world is almost buried quick,
 We haue no cause the bodies death to feare,
 For when the shell is broke, out comes a chick.

For as the *Soules* *Essentiall* powers are thre,
 The *quickning* power, the power of *sense*, and *Reason*,
 Three kinds of life to her designed bee,
 Which perfect these three powers in their due season.

Three
 kinds of
 life answer-
 able to
 the three
 powers of
 the soule,

The first life in the mothers wombe is spent,
 Where she her *nursing* power doth onely vse,
 Where when she finds defect of nourishment,
 Sh'expels her bodie, and this world she viewes.

This we call *Birth*, but if the child could speake,
 He *death* would call it, and of nature plaine,
 That she would thrust him out naked, and weake,
 And in his passage pinch him with such paine.

Yet out he comes, and in this world is plac't,
 Where all his *Senses* in perfection bee,
 Where he finds flowres to smell, and fruits to tast,
 And sounds to heare, and sundry formes to see.

When he hath past sometime vpon this Stage,
 His *reason* then a little seemes to wake,
 Which though she spring when sense doth fade with
 Yet can she here, no perfect practise make.
 Then

Then doth th'aspiring *Soule* the body leave,
Which we call *Death*: but were it knowne to all,
What *life* our *Soules* do by this *death* receaue,
Men would it *Birth*, or *Goale* deliuerie call.

In this third life Reason will be so bright,
As that her *spark* will like the *Sun* becom shine,
And shall of God enjoy the real light,
Being still increast by influence diuine.

An Acclamation.

O ignorant poore man, what doost thou beare,
Lockt vp within the Casket of thy breast
What jewels, and what riches hast thou there?
What heavenly treasure in so weake a chest?

Looke in thy *Soule*, and thou shalt beauties find;
Like those which drownd *Narcissus* in the flood,
Honor and *Pleasure* both are in thy mind;
And all that in the world is counted good.

Thinke of her worth, and thinke that God did meane;
This worthy mind should worthy things embrace;
Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts vneleane;
Nor her dishonor with thy passions base.

Kill not her quickning power with surfetings,
Mar not her *Sense* with *Sensualitye*,
Cast not her serious wit on idle things,
Make not her free will slave to vanitie.

And

And when thou thinkst of her *eternitie*,
Thinke not that *death* against her nature is,
Thinke it a *birth*, and when thou goest to die,
Sing like a Swan, as if thou wentst to blisse.

And if thou like a child didst feare before,
Being in the darke where thou didst nothing see,
Now I haue brought thee *torch-light*, Feare no more;
Now when thou diest, thou canst not hudwinkt bee.

And thou my *Soule*, which turnst thy curious eye,
To view the beames of thine owne forme diuine,
Know, that thou canst know nothing perfectly,
While thou art clouded with this flesh of mine.

Take heed of *ouer-weening*, and compare
Thy Peacocks feet with thy gay Peacocks traine,
Studie the best, and highest things that are,
But of thy selfe an humble thought retaine.

Cast downe thy selfe, and onely striue to raise
The glorie of thy Makers sacred name;
Vse all thy powers, that blessed power to praise,
Which giues thee power to *be*, and *vse the same*.

F I N I S.

M